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The Conservative Elements of American Civilization:

AN ADDRESS

BEFORE THE

PHILO AND FRANKLIN SOCIETIES

OF

JEFFERSON COLLEGE, CANONSBURG, PA.

DELIVERED

THIRD OF AUGUST, 1853.

BY THE

REV. T. V. MOORE, D. D.
RICHMOND, VA.

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1853.

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JEFFERSON COLLEGE, AUG. 3d, 1853.

REV. DR. MOORE:

Dear Sir:—We are authorized to express to you the thanks of the PHILO AND FRANKLIN LITERARY SOCIETIES, for your able and elegant Address, delivered before them this afternoon, and earnestly to solicit a copy of the same for publication.

With sentiments of high regard,

We remain, yours truly,

J. L. BITNER, B. F. MYERS. } *Com. P. Lit. Soc.*
WM. HUTCHISON, T. E. ROBERTS. } *Com. F. Lit. Soc.*

CANNONSBURG, AUGUST 3d, 1853.

Gentlemen:

In reply to your note of this afternoon, I would say, that as my Address was prepared for your use, I do not feel at liberty to refuse it for publication, and therefore herewith transmit the manuscript.

I am, yours, &c.

T. V. MOORE.

MESSRS. J. L. BITNER, B F. MYERS, WM. HUTCHISON, T. E. ROBERTS. } *Joint Committee.*

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The Conservative Elements of American Civilization.

Gentlemen of the Philo and Franklin Societies:

The man who would do well his part in the great work of life, must understand somewhat of the necessities of his generation. As the traveller must know somewhat of the country he would traverse, and the workman of the material he would use, so he who would do the work and walk the pilgrimage of life aright, must have some accurate conception of the civil and social state in which his lot is cast. There is, undoubtedly, a generic sameness in the manifestation of our common nature in all periods of its history, that makes experience available, and indeed possible; but there are specific traits in each period, giving it an individual character, that determine the uses of this treasured experience. Hence, if we would wisely direct our efforts, we must understand where those efforts are most needed, by understanding at once the drift, the depth, and the constituent elements of that current of history in which we must mingle.

You, gentlemen, are soon to go forth into a broad and rushing stream of life. You have left the quiet homes and cheerful fire-sides of childhood, to give yourselves to preparation in this gymnasium of mind; you have toiled for a time in its peaceful shades, and perhaps have often cast a wistful eye upon the great world that went rolling by in the distance. Some of you have reached the margin of its current, and with hopeful and eager hearts are about making the plunge; others, after a few months further preparation, shall follow; but all at last shall go forth to buffet its waves, and ride safely to some high anchorage of honor and success, or to sink beneath its turbid tide and disappear forever. Hence, to do this work aright, you must not make your life a leap in the dark; but must know the state of facts which you are to encounter, and understand at once its constituent elements and its defects, that your efforts may be directed accordingly.

The current in which your lives must mingle is one of the most stupendous that ever rolled itself under the sun. Never since the flow of human history began, has such a Mississipi torrent poured its mighty tributary into its channel. The progress of our country is indeed amazing. At the present rate of increase, within a single century our numbers will be equal to half the population of the globe! And when, to this numerical strength we add the enterprise, energy and courage of our people, which will make them well nigh equal to the other half, we see that in a time but little more than that which has elapsed since our independence was declared, we may wield the sceptre of the world. There is something fearful as well as grand in such an anticipation as this. We seem like voyagers on some unknown stream, which we see to be swelling and widening as it rushes madly on in its headlong course; yet whither it tends, and to what it is bearing us, whether to a wider and deeper channel where navies may ride on its bosom and cities may mirror themselves in its tide, or to some frightful verge where, quivering for an instant on the dizzy curve, we shall plunge into dire and terrific ruin, He only knows who sits upon the circle of the earth, and who knows the end from the beginning of all that He has created.

As far as man can solve this question, it must be by examining the component parts of this wondrous civilization, and thus determining what are its conservative elements. It is to this task that I invite you, that I may be enabled to present to you in this discussion, *the conservative elements of our American civilization.*

That we may ascertain these elements, let us look for a moment at the characteristics of this wondrous civilization and determine their nature. That it is a thing of growth and might the most amazing, we already know; but is this growth healthful, and this might enduring? All expansion and velocity are not necessarily safe. A stream may widen and quicken in its flow, only because it is swollen by the expansion and hurled onward by the velocity of a freshet; and if this fearful rush coutinues to increase, it will at length burst its containing banks, and, after carrying terror and ruin to hamlet and city, flock and herd, will finally subside into some wide and stagnant marsh of miasma and death. Unless the embankments rise with the rising stream, and strengthen with the strengthening current, the very rapidity of this increase will be but a token of speedier ruin. We then ask again, is the growth of this American civilization healthful and proportionate? Are its tendencies wholly

safe and inclusive of every necessary end? We believe not, we believe that its tendency is to overlook some of the most essential things in either national or individual life, and that to the supply of these things as conservative elements, the efforts of every earnest man should be directed. To express this fact in a single phrase, its tendencies are too exclusively material, aiming too much at material ends, and governed too much by material motives, and content too much with material results.

It is difficult to see how such a tendency could be avoided. The task to which the American people was summoned, as well as the great historical forces that are mingled in its composition, alike tend to this result. Our first and great work was material. There lay stretched out before us a mighty continent of interminable forest, where the axe of the hardy pioneer must let the sun into the rich mould of unnumbered autumns; there lifted themselves away vast ranges of mountains that must be traversed by turnpikes and tunneled by railways; there rolled along innumerable rivers whose waters must be covered with vessels, linked together by canals, lined with villages, cities and farms, and dotted by factories and workshops. In a word, there opened out to us one of the most magnificent provinces of material nature that lay on the round earth, a province which for generations was left in untamed luxuriance, and which now must be rescued from this savage wildness and subdued to the uses and comforts of civilized man. Here was our wondrous task, to the doing of which the swarming myriads of the old world were summoned in this mighty battle with rude and unsubdued nature in one of its most gigantic forms.

Nobly and grandly has this work gone forward. The batalions of this mighty army of occupation have swept on and on, rank after rank, from the sand and cliffs of the Atlantic across the broad Alleghenies, over the mighty valley of the Mississipi, onward through the gorges and defiles of the Cordilleras, until now they are deploying along the smooth and smiling shores of the sunny Pacific. The forests have fallen and over their roots have waved luxuriant harvests. Cities and villages have sprung up, like Aladdin palaces, in a night. Canals, rail-ways, and telegraphs are shooting like throbbing arteries along the wide expanse of a continent filled with the beating pulse of a nation's heart. The roar of the manufactory and the clink of the workshop mingle with the rushing rapids of the river, and the trampling crowds of the street. The snowy wings of a daring

commerce have carried our flag around the world. And now, as if to crown our marvels, the very sands of the desert over which the Spaniard stalked and the Indian slept, have, at the foot-fall of this conquering race, unsealed a Pactolus whose golden streams are pouring into every channel of trade and swelling them to an amazing expansion and volocity. It is not a matter of surprise that a people called to such a material task, and crowned with such amazing success in the performance of this task, should turn a too exclusive attention to material interests and become fevered with a thirst for mere material welfare. It were wonderful were it otherwise.

Equally natural does this tendency seem, when we look at its historical origin. That origin dates far back in the past. The civilization of America has its foundations in the distant scenes of history, and is the channel for waters that were unsealed many generations ago. It is the result of that great popular movement which, begun by Christianity in its high teachings, as to the sacredness of the rights of the individual, and the claim of the humblest and poorest for the improvement of their condition, has gradually changed the face of the civilized world. Attacking every institution that stood in the way of the largest individual liberty, it swept away baronial power in the events that followed the crusades, priestly despotism in the Reformation, kingly authority in the changes that have succeeded; until now the tide of this popular emancipation has become well nigh irresistible, and carries modern history on its victorious current. By a very natural process the ideas as well as the institutions of the past are swept aside by this tendency, or greatly unsettled, as not conducing to the general purpose. Hence, the modern world is in a transitional state of institutions and ideas, having broken away from the traditional past, and not yet reached the absolute future. The tendency of this great movement being to the elevation of the masses, each one is quickened with the desire of bettering his own condition, and busy with this he forgets every thing else; and thus the whole mass becomes absorbed with this eagerness for material improvement, for rising in life, and the result is a headlong rush to secure these material ends. This is then but a part of that great movement which for so many years has constantly advanced, by which the inferior classes in society are steadily rising; and as material wants are those first and deepest felt, and those for which a provision must be made, this great change of society has naturally assumed this material tendency as its predominant type.

The evidence of this fact meets us wherever we turn. We need not endorse the sneers of transatlantic scribblers about our worship of the almighty dollar, or retort them by sneers of equal truth about the almighty guinea; for neither member of the great Anglo-Saxon family can cast the first stone in a question like this. It is, however, not the less true that there exists ground for such accusations in our American civilization. Its aims, standards, motives and enjoyments are mainly material. The aim of the vast majority of our population is to advance their material welfare, to be rich fairly if they can; but at all events to be rich. Let a few men meet together casually, and in a little time their conversation will be found turning on the crops, the markets, the state of the stocks, and kindred themes of a like material character. Take up our newspapers, millions of which are daily scattered over the land, and remove from them these themes, and what have you left? Enumerate the schemes and conceptions that call forth public attention, discussion and effort, and you find them nearly all revolving around some centre of material improvement. The standard by which men and things are judged is their success, and if either will not pay, the stigma of rejection is inevitable. This is especially seen in our great cities where the tendencies of a nation's civilization are seen in their most intense development. There Mammon is worshipped with the blindest devotion, and there the temples of real, potential sway with the masses, those on which time, money and taste are expended, are not those of religion, science and art, but the banks, the exchanges, the rail-way depots, the warehouses and the hotels. The very architecture that is most in vogue and most in demand, is significant of this materialism of character. Hence, men are fevered with a haste to be rich, and every thing is driven onward by the impulse of this sleepless anxiety for gain, in the most breathless and pauseless haste. In our hurry to be rich, we do every thing in a hurry; work in a hurry, rest in a hurry, travel in a hurry and pause in a hurry, eat, drink, think, speak and die in a hurry, and are quiet only in the tomb. The car, boat or ship that can hurry fastest to its destination, is the one that we will crowd, and even though it ever and anon will hurry a mass of mangled mortals into the grave, by hurling them down an embankment, or into a river, or blowing them into the air, or burning them alive; all these things are trifles compared with the fact that the Company has saved a few dollars by using cheap conveyances, and the passengers have saved a few minutes in a day's

travel. This utter recklessness of human life, when compared with a little time and money in travelling arrangements, is one of the most striking exhibitions of this spirit.

Facts like these betray the real sentiments and character of a people. That which men talk of most, read of most, labor for most, for which they most freely lavish their time and treasure, is that which constitutes the real staple of their character, and the actual sentiments of their souls in regard to it, is the predominant philosophy of that people. Judging by this test, our predominant philosophy is a mere shifting expediency, which does not inquire what is according to the unchanging principle of the law of God, or the nature of things, but what will advance present interests, and secure immediate ends. We lack that reigning force of great principles, without which nothing either great or enduring, can be established. The reigning power is wealth. Let a man possess this, and he will be courted and flattered let, his character be what it may. His hands may be red with the blood of the duel, or black with the grindings of fraud, or the palmings of bribery; and yet, if rich, the knees of supple fawning will bend before him, scheming mothers will seek his hand for their daughters, and the saloons of fashion will be flung open at his touch. The man of virtue who has been too honest to become rich, the scholar, the artist, and the thinker in any department, if poor, must usually stand aside and give place in influence to the merest dolt or driveller, whose more unscrupulous and undiverted efforts have enabled him to become rich.

These things are adduced in no sympathy with a levelling spirit of radicalism, or that senseless clamor that is often excited against the rich; but because we believe their inevitable tendency in the end must be to this very radicalism in its lowest form. Let this exclusive absorption in material interest continue for a few more generations, and will it pause in its demands? Will that steady advance of popular graspings that tore down feudalism in its varied forms, that broke away from ghostly despotism, and vanquished monarchy, be more disposed to respect the institution of property? If the noble, the priest and the king have alike been set aside by its stern demands, will it pause before the capitalist? And would it not be in a kind of dread and awful retribution, if the very greed of gain that capital has thus fostered, should engender that wild and lawless assertion of right that would turn in the fury of conscious might to seize, like the dogs of Acteon, their leader in this hot and head-

long chase? Are there no tendencies in this very direction now? Are not Socialistic doctrines advocated and even practised in some parts of our country with undeniable ability and success? And if the masses are practically taught that material interests are the great good, and that equality of condition is an universal right, will the step be a great one to the conclusion that there should be an equalization of this great good, as well as of others that are smaller? Is not this very doctrine boldly proclaimed by the offshoots of the Red Republicans of Europe, now naturalized in our land?

But even if this tendency should be avoided for a time, there are others that are even more imminent.

It tends to eat out all true nobleness of national character, by fostering into intense life an individual selfishness. There must be in such a country as ours, a great national life, deep, pervading and powerful, that binds into one organic unity the people of the land; so that the injury or dishonor of the humblest citizen shall be felt to affect the whole. This sublime conception of country and native land, that has evoked such deeds of nobleness in the past, must die out in a people when each is wholly intent on his personal interests, and bound to the rest only by the tie of an enlarged selfishness. Patriotism will become a mere name, or at best a peddling trade for mouthing demagogues, and public life be left to those whose only qualification for public business is an unfitness for private; and who, too indolent or stupid to compete with the rushing crowd in commercial strugglings, will crawl meanly to some official sluice where, with greedy voracity, they will gorge themselves with plunder until they drop away exhausted, or are supplanted by others.

Another tendency of this materialism is to lawlessness. The sacred sentiments of justice, law and order, as paramount to mere private interest, must soon be weakened by the excessive culture of this interest, and a people that cease to have clear and distinct notions of these great spiritual conceptions, will be open to the wild schemes and exciting harangues of every demagogue who appeals to their supposed interests or inflames their passions; and whenever a law or a treaty runs counter to their feelings, they will be ready to disregard it, or trample it down, as they have disregarded the higher laws that they have already neglected.

There are no conservators of law and right in a popular government so potent as the inwrought principles of justice, honesty and integrity in the popular heart. The direct tendency of this grasp-

ing materialism is to weaken these principles. Let this tendency continue for a few generations, and each man strive to get all he can and hold all he gets, let these material interests retain exclusive lodgment in the character until all the powers of the soul are brought under their sway, let wealth make standing, and wickedness make wealth, and men will become indifferent to the means in their idolatrous pursuit of the end. Sentiments of honor and uprightness will die out, the loftier principles of honesty, truth, kindness between heart and heart, regard for the rights of others, and all the finer spiritual emotions of the nature will disappear, and in their stead shall come ruthless disregard of all that would restrain this greedy grasping of gain, unscrupulous preying on the feeble and helpless, and that frightful ferocity in snatching the coveted morsel that unbridled passion must ever foster. This disregard of right and justice must soon be embodied in public acts of national crime and injustice. Greedy eyes of gloating covetousness will be cast on the possessions of others, and under some shallow pretext of manifest destiny, or enlarging the area of freedom, or rescuing from despotic sway, the lawful possessions of others will be torn from them by force, and greedily swallowed, until, like the rapacity of ancient Rome or of revolutionary France, the vengeful hostility of an outraged world rises in crushing and terrible retribution to arrest us; or more likely, and more fatal still, the ill-gotten spoils become an apple of discord, and rival factions inflamed with mutual hate, grapple in fierce and fell collision, and leave the land all strewed with the bleeding fragments of a gigantic national suicide.

Nor are these the only directions in which this tendency must act fatally. Man must have some enjoyments, or he will cease to exist. If he has not the higher enjoyments of a cultivated mind, and a happy, peaceful home, he must seek for those that are lower and more sensuous. The amusements of a people are according to the current of their life. If it is material and sensuous, they will be coarse and sensual by an inevitable law. To a thoroughly materialized people, the finer and purer enjoyments of nature are like flowers to the jaws of an ox, which, in utter unconsciousness of their aroma and beauty, will turn with a keener relish to the coarser and juicier aliment for which his taste has been already prepared. If those sentiments of affection and piety that make a home are weakened or destroyed, and all classes given up to the pursuit of gain, when weary and jaded they must seek some relaxation, which

they can only find in the coarser stimulants of the theatre and the circus, the opera and the hippodrome, or the yet fiercer excitement of the faro-bank, the dram-shop, or the house that leadeth to hell. The pendulum cannot swing higher than the point of its starting, and when a materialized people relaxes from employment to amusement, the descending arc of the one must measure the ascending arc of the other. These amusements must in turn react on the national character, until the population has reached the stage to which old materialized Rome was brought when her dastard sons gazed with gloating eyes on the captive Dacian, dying as a gladiator on the bloody arena of the Coliseum, and fled with coward fear from his barbarian brother when they met him on the less bloody arena of the battle field; or until our descendants, like those of greedy Spain of the sixteenth century, gorged with ill-gotten gain, learn at last to find their delight in alternating between the bull-fight and the cock-pit on the one hand, and the fandango and the intrigue or assassination on the other.

It may be long before these causes exhibit their ultimate effects, and there is nothing in their present action in our national life that may not be neutralized by the application of proper conservative principles. But even if these conservative principles are not applied properly, there may be nothing in the ordinary scenes of national life to betray the fatal decay within. Men may buy and sell, may labor and rest, all unconscious that the shears of Delilah have been busy with the locks of their national might. But times arise in the history of every nation when there seems to be a conflict between individual and national welfare, and when the one must be sacrificed to secure the other. Then there is needed some reserve of power to carry the machinery past this dead point, and then the effects of this reigning selfishness are seen. The crisis demands that a part be sacrificed to retain the whole; that the frenzy of faction be firmly resisted, and its wild exactions refused; and that life, reputation and fortune be perilled in one fearful cast for the good of the unseen future. But men who are accustomed to act only from motives of personal interest, and to take no large views even of that, will either shrink from the sacrifices demanded and throw them on others, or be themselves inflamed with that blind fury of lawless passion which, like the frenzied rage of the groping men of Sodom, was the precursor of their swift and terrible doom. The worm and the rot may long be at work unseen in the heart of the stalwart old oak, and yet

it may stand as proudly, the robe of its leaves as green, and the stretch of its boughs as broad as when it battled with the storms of a century; but let some fierce and hurling tempest come sweeping down in its wrath, or some mighty earthquake unloose its spreading roots, and then shall its giant trunk fall crushed and dishonored in the dust, and the shock of a single hour lay bare the slow and fatal decay of years. Hence, let no apparent prosperity delude us into a forgetfulness of these elements of destruction that must inevitably act, if we apply no conservative agencies; but let us whilst we continue to extend our material growth, also seek for what may prevent this growth from being our ultimate ruin, and working the same essential results that it has done in commercial Tyre, and utilitarian Rome, in ancient times, and in haughty Venice, and laborious and once powerful Holland, in modern, each of which, in a different form, met the Tarpeian fate of being crushed by the glittering bribe for which they bartered better and higher, though invisible and immaterial elements of national prosperity.

We turn, then, with some anxiety to enquire what are the conservative elements that may be brought to counteract this materialistic tendency of our civilization. These elements may be mainly reduced to two, each of which we can but briefly touch, considering their magnitude and importance.

The first is, *a thorough training of the national mind by a sound education and a healthy literature.*

The admission of this proposition in its general terms will be so universal, that it will seem to be little better than a truism. But even if this admission were as universal as it seems, it might still be needful to press a truth whose very obviousness would lead to its neglect. But if we penetrate below the surface of the terms, we shall find that this admission has with many not reached to the real significance of the facts involved. The actual extent to which the necessity for popular education is admitted with most persons, is too narrow to reach the real demands of the case. The honest opinions of many are, that men should be educated that they may be better able to amass wealth. If this education is extended beyond the simplest rudiments, it is only to what is deemed applicable to practical purposes, and any thing beyond this is deemed useless. Geology and chemistry are admitted because they may discover the position of coal and iron, or may determine questions about the application of lime, gypsum and marl to the soil. Mechanics and

astronomy may be encouraged, because they may invent ploughs, build steam engines, or sail ships. But for science beyond these practical details of its application, they have no relish or appreciation. We will not be understood to depreciate the practical applications of science for which our age is so eminently distinguished. It is the noble distinction of natural science in modern times, as compared with it in ancient, that it is thus applied to the common affairs of life. But if there be nothing sought but these material applications of science, we act as foolishly as the engineer who confines himself to the pistons, screws and levers of his engine, in utter oblivion of the mightier, though unseen agent that is generating in the boiler, and which, unless governed and directed, will at last shiver to atoms all this cunning and polished machinery.

Steam engines and telegraphs, ploughs and spinning machines, are powerful agents, and invaluable in their place; but there are mightier agencies at work in human things than they are; agencies which, though unseen and imponderable, are not the less tremendous and terrific if neglected or perverted. These outward and visible motions in human history are but the pointing hands on the dial, or the moving piston in the cylinder, only the palpable results of deeper forces that are hidden below. Neglecting these, and limiting ourselves to the dial plate and the piston rod, while the main spring and the boiler are forgotten, were a folly that sooner or later must end in derangement, if not destruction of the whole. Yet precisely this error is that which is embodied in the feelings of the age in regard to mental culture, and in that inexorable demand upon our schools and colleges for a *practical* education, so called, which is after all but the old Midas demand for an Apollo gift that shall turn what it touches into gold. Should this Midas prayer be granted, it would be as of old, with the Midas penalty annexed.

The great fact overlooked in this view is, that all the movements of human history are but the outward and material developments of inward and immaterial principles. These principles may have been tremblingly launched forth, like some rush-cradled babe on the Nile, and yet in after years that lone and feeble thing shall be found a conquering Moses, before whose wand of power the magician's craft, the warrior's steel, and even the wild and tameless surges of the ocean, shall be alike impotent and obedient. A Luther, a Calvin, a Knox, shall with many strugglings, prayers and tears, cast the bread of life upon the waters; yet the principles of the Reformation

thus flung broadly forth shall ere long be a mightier seed than that which Cadmus sowed, and in Swiss seed-plots of liberty, in thirty years' wars, in Westphalia treaties, in English and American revolutions, and in the mighty deeds of Protestant Europe and America, the glorious harvest shall wave round half the world. A Bacon, a Newton, a Boyle, shall patiently question the veiled Isis of material nature, and gather her remote and abstract principles, and yet these lofty and wonderful laws shall finally unfold themselves in the practical forms of modern science, and the miracles of steam, magnetism and caloric. A retired thinker in a Scottish University elaborates the laws of the production and distribution of capital, and the result, after three generations have rolled over his grave, is the gradual evolution of a system of trade that is changing the face of the world. A few godless and designing wits of France determine to undermine the faith of Europe, and like mischievous vermin that burrow unnoticed in some mighty dyke, they succeed in sapping this decayed and neglected barrier of safety, and there rushes in the terrific deluge of the French revolution, whose bloody surges swept in pitiless fury over Europe for a quarter of a century, and whose ebbed and exhausted waters are even now heaving and moaning, as if in token of another flood-tide of terror and ruin. Thus is it with every great movement in history. Its fontal sources may be traced back to some distant thoughts, some far-spoken words, perhaps as lofty, solitary and cold as the peak of a mountain, and yet the earliest gushing of a current that at last rolls its resistless course along, freighted with the weal of a nation, or a world.

Here, then, is where we reach the object and end of a right popular education. It is to be carried to such an extent as to train a people to right habits of thinking, and thus lead them to adopt right principles of action. These healthful activities of mind, like the healthful activities of the body, cannot be bought by gold, or given by favor, but must be worked out by all, severally for themselves. The mere passive reception of right principles is not enough, there must be that vigorous flow of right habits of thought that will naturally choose the pure, and reject the impure, just as the majestic and arrowy Rhone refuses to mingle its azure current with the turbid waters of the noisy Arve, though flowing side by side, in the same channel. There must be an education up to those habits of reflection and principles of judgment in regard to the great facts of law, order, social and domestic life, which will prevent us from being

blown about by every wind of doctrine, and duped by every quack or charlatan who comes to peddle his nostrum for the healing of the world. Hence the fireside, the schoolhouse and the college, are three of the conservative institutions of the country, unspeakably more important than all its banks, and chambers of commerce, armies and navies, and perhaps even more than its court houses and capitols, for all these but receive the streams that come forth from those ever flowing fountains of national life.

But the educational agencies of a nation are not to be limited to its schools and colleges, or even its hearths and homes. The literature of a nation is one of its grand educational institutes. The literature of a people, including its books, its pamphlets, its magazines and its newspapers, its spoken, as well as its written literature, its songs, its proverbs, and its plays, all this complex and powerful set of influences is acting continually to educate the mind of the nation to developments of either good or evil. Now the literature of a people is at once an effect and a cause of its condition, an index of the past and present, a presage of the coming future, like the foliage of a great forest, which not only gives token of the existing life, but also in its autumnal decay shall furnish the mould from which the growth of after seasons must draw its support. The literature of a nation is, then, the index of its civilization. A strong and enduring national life will have a healthy and robust literature, while a weak and defective civilization will be marked by a sickly and ephemeral literary development. This literature in turn will react upon the national life, and produce a yet more intense type of character, until the result is reached in the weal or the wo of an entire people. The successive stages of Grecian and Roman literature, the patristic drivellings of the middle ages, the romances and lays of chivalry, the stirring outspeakings of the Reformation, the vigorous era of Elizabeth, the stern and earnest words of Puritanism, the voluptuous muses of the Restoration, the frozen proprieties of the first half of the eighteenth century in England, and the wild and frenzied license of the last half in France, all these outgrowths of literature we now see to have been not only effects, but causes, and in some cases causes of incalculable power in their respective epochs of history. Hence it is of prime importance that the literature of our country be kept pure, healthful and manly, that as an educational agency of the very highest character it may act as a conservative element to our civilization.

Let the four hundred millions of papers and periodicals that annually issue from our press be subsided by Mammon on the one hand and Belial on the other; let their literary columns alternate between filthy drippings of French morals and bungling hashes of German metaphysics; let the locust cloud of light literature that is now covering the land extend its baneful plague until it feeds and battens on the very olive plants around our tables; let a blind and brawling party press be allowed unchecked to infuse its own rancor and folly into the great throbbing heart of the nation; let the lofty breathings of thought in the higher forms of literature be forsaken for the well-spiced garbage and the fiery potations of literary pimps and bottle holders, and it requires no prophets ken to read the words of doom that glare above the revellers in such a banquet. The drunken frenzy of France would be reproduced in yet more gigantic horrors, hell would hold another Saturnalia on earth, and soon the great graveyard of history would contain another mound to tell the mournful story of the giant Republic of the setting sun.

On the other hand, let the literature of our land in all its departments be pervaded by a pure and vigorous life; let the mind of the country demand more robust aliment than dawdling novels and flashy periodicals; let the newspapers furnish something more to their millions of readers than price-currents, horrible accidents and Newgate calenders; let the tone of personal abuse and sectional misrepresenaation that have driven so many of our noblest men from political life, and strained the bonds of national union to their utmost tension, give place to manly grappling with principles and manly courtesy to men; let the magnificent domain of science, the high solitudes of great thoughts, the solemn galleries of historic lore, the pictured parterres of poetry, and all that glorious land of mental wealth, that California of a richer ore than the glittering sands of the Sacramento, which literature in its largest sense unfolds to the eager eye of the student; let all this be thrown open by these manifold educational influences to the people, and we have a counteraction of the materialism of the age that shall be as full of pleasure as it is of power. The rich man shall find delights such as his wealth cannot purchase him, the poor man shall have in the well worn volume on his humble shelf a wizard spell that shall charm away his weariness and make his lowly home a palace of enchantment; the fevered votary of Mammon, and the flushed bach-

anal of pleasure, shall feel the cooling and breezy freshness of a purer sky, in the breathings of whose morning air, and the carollings of whose matin melody, they shall feel dissolving that Circean spell of sorcery by which they have been bound, and every class of society shall feel the stirrings of a more vigorous manhood of thought and emotion in all the activities of life. Thus by furnishing to the popular mind a mental culture that shall enable it to look with an open eye on the great principles that underlie our institutions; by furnishing it with a strong and manly pabulum of thought that shall give might to its stalwart limbs and healthfulness to its beating heart; by opening up a field of richer and better enjoyments than can be furnished by the pleasures of sense; and by thus wooing its powers away from the feverish pursuit of the material, by unfolding to it the more glorious region of the mental, we shall secure the first great conservative element of our American civilization.

We now reach the second great conservative element, viz: *That culture of the national heart that can only be furnished by the prevailing and penetrating power of a pure Christianity.*

A simple hearted German of this State became a violent enemy of education, alleging as his reason, that he had sent his son to school, where he learned to write, and afterwards committed a forgery, and that therefore education was the cause of roguery. Now silly as the old man's *non sequitur* appears, there underlies it a truth of great importance. Mere education of the intellect while the heart is neglected is a very questionable blessing. It is the erection of a house while the foundation is neglected; the development of the stem and branches of a tree while the roots are narrowed and shrivelled; the enormous growth of the brain while the sanguineous and muscular systems are stunted, a process which must end in deformity, and disaster. It ignores the fact that the active potencies of human nature lie not so much in the head as in the heart, that the heart is at least, as imperfect and as much in need of education as the head, and that the sins and sorrows of man have their seat less in an uncultured intellect, than in depraved appetites, lawless passions, and perverted dispositions.

We do not affirm that the culture of the mind has no effect upon the heart, because the essential unity of the soul produces such a connection in all its faculties that one class of them cannot be cultivated without producing some effect upon the others. This is espe-

cially true of the more advanced stages of an intellectual training, when the passion for knowledge and the pleasure of mental effort, antagonise the meaner passions of the soul, and wean it away from mere sensual and ignoble enjoyments. And yet a Bacon, a Byron and a Bonaparte, show that there is nothing in the mightiest faculties of mind, when developed even to their utmost culture, to furnish a guarantee against meanness, profligacy and selfishness on the most gigantic scale.

Nor will a wider induction of facts present a materially different result. The effect of popular education in those countries where it has been tried, do not demonstrate it to be a preventive of crime, unless there coexist with it an active form of a pure Christianity. In Prussia education is universal, and yet a few years ago, it appeared that crime was fourteen times as prevalent there as in France, where but one-third of the population can read and write, the one country furnishing a criminal for every 587 inhabitants, whilst the other, with all its laxity of general morals, presents but one for every 7,285. And in France itself, where education is almost exclusively intellectual, it has been found that the amount of crime is in exact proportion to the amount of education, the districts which have most of the one having also most of the other. Statistics in other countries tend to the same conclusion.

The teachings of history corroborate these deductions from existing facts. The era of literary splendor has not always been the noon-day of national glory, but oftener the gorgeous glow of its setting sun. It was whilst Plato and Aristotle divided the hemispheres of human thought, that the liberties of Greece were stabbed to the heart, and before the thunder of Demosthenes had ceased to vibrate on the cultured ears of the Athenians, that those liberties were laid in their grave. It was whilst the spell of Cicero's matchless words hung over the seven hills that Cæsar passed the Rubicon, and it was beneath the intellectual splendor of the Augustan age that there lay reeking that rottenness into which the barbed shafts of Horace and Juvenal were flung, and from whose corroding decay this mighty Empire at last fell with a crash that startled the world. Italy, France and Germany in more modern times will furnish the same results in regard to mere literary splendor, and unaided culture of the intellect of a people.

The error in all such cases is the disregard of the great fact of human depravity, an error as fatal to the working of any system as

the neglect of the inertia of matter would be in the construction of any great piece of machinery. Here is the sad and stern fact that meets us in human nature, a fact that clogs every invention of man, and by its deadening weight will finally defeat every perpetual motive discovery in social dynamics. The proclivity of our fallen nature is to evil, and unless there be some distinct agency to counteract this gravitation of the soul, some heavenward impulse to antagonise this earthward and hell-ward tendency of the spirit, it must sink deeper and deeper until it is lost in the smothering mire of corruption and decay. When a people become thoroughly corrupted, when the taint has penetrated to their hearts and homes, when the holy names of wife and mother have lost their pure significance and become by-words of bandying brutality, when the rights of person, property and reputation have no sacred guarantee in the virtue of the community; in a word, when the morals and manners have become thoroughly polluted, the end of that people is at hand, the body politic is sick unto death. This is a truth that the most stubborn stupidity must admit.

It is a remarkable fact in political philosophy that no reforming system but that of the Bible has ever fairly recognised this tendency in our nature, or assailed it in the right place. When a man would build a house he begins not at the roof but at the foundation, and when a man would heat the water of a boiler to steam he begins not at the top but at the bottom, for he learns that his agencies will work upward much more readily than downward. Now, all human systems before that of the Bible began at the top, with the great, the rich or the wise, and neglected the lower strata, whilst the gospel of Christ beginning below, at the poor and the feeble, but the many, infused them with its own purifying life, that at length ascended, by its own native elasticity, and gave life and energy to the whole. In view of this fact we see the significance of the remark of a recent historian that the English and Scotch Reformation was not produced so much by the action of great individualities such as Luther, Zwingle and Calvin, as was that of the Continent, but by the agency of the Bible. It is in this fact that we find the amazing weight of the Anglo-Saxon Protestantism, especially in its most legitimate development of Scotch and American Presbyterianism. It sprung in its original growth not so much from the force of great men, as did that of the Continent, but from the rich soil of the word of God, and hence that mighty girth

of its stem, and that giant strength of its limbs that have enabled it to stand unharmed when the storm has rushed down in its wrath, and the lightning has been abroad on the hills, and makes it still stand, gnarled and thunder-scarred, it may be, but yet stalwart and green, the brave old oak of Protestant forest.

Now the position we press is, that however it may be with individuals, who are unconsciously influenced by the mass, yet with nations, there is no morality without religion, and to our American people, there is no public virtue without a public faith in a pure Christianity, and that here we find the grand conservative element of our civilization. It is in this that we find at once the true antagonism to the hard materialism of the age, and the only efficient correction of that depravity of our nature which is the real cause of national ruin.

Man must believe in something higher and greater than himself or he can never rise in the scale of being. The Archimedean lever by which we would move the world must rest, poised beyond the sphere of earth's attraction, and above the level of its orbit. The power that would really elevate the masses of earth, must lay hold of the things of heaven. Hence faith is the grand element of power in both individual and national character, and especially in the latter. A faithless individual may be borne along by the current in which he moves, but a faithless people must ever be a feeble, wavering and irresolute people, incapable of any enduring effort. They may have occasional outbursts of wild energy, but these fitful paroxysms are spasmodic and epileptic, and not the high, sustained activity of a healthy national life. Every form of civilization that has been powerful and enduring has rested upon this faith in the unseen and eternal. Osiris may have been but a gigantic phantom; the awful powers whose gorgeous temples arose by the flashing waters of the Euphrates, but the distorted projections of a traditionary superstition; the Olympian conclave whose magnificent symbols gleamed from the summit of the Acropolis, and stood in solemn array around the walls of the Pantheon, but poetic myths; and the Arabian prophet but a shrewd and cunning impostor, and yet it was by their faith in these things as the earthly manifestations of the unseen and heavenly that the Egyptian, the Assyrian, the Greek, the Roman and the Saracen, successively advanced to the empire of the world. As soon as their faith was destroyed, the locks of their strength were shorn, and they became feeble and effete.

The very perversions of this noble faculty in these false religions furnish the measure of its power in the true. The life of man on earth is too meagre and narrow to furnish at once impulses and restraints to his nature. Both these, however, are needed, acting in such exact adjustment to his powers that neither shall become disproportionate. Let the impulses of his nature become too strong, and he rushes on in wild confusion to a lawless barbarism, let the restraints become too strong and he sinks down to the sluggish indolence of an oriental despotism. Let the impulses become too feeble and he relapses into degradation and despair, let the restraints be too feeble and he becomes restless, discontented, and turbulent. Now there is no power that ever has adjusted these progressive and restrictive forces with such fine and faultless precision as Christianity, and herein it evinces its origin in the same divine power that gave to men his complex and wondrous nature.

Let the beliefs and hopes and fears of a people be limited to this life, and it is plain that they cannot be either a happy, a peaceful, or a permanent people. The desire for material well-being may stimulate them to a progressive activity of the most feverish intensity, but there is no margin left for the inevitable facts that such an activity must only multiply and aggravate. There will be losses, disappointments, failures, and sorrows in the most active progression, indeed increased in the very ratio of this advance. Now if our heaven, our last and greatest expectation of bliss, be wholly in this life, there is no compensating consideration to balance these evils. Every sorrow or loss is absolute, and irretrievable, and tends to sour and harden the nature. Every disappointment or failure is a positive abstraction from the only hopes of existence, that is exaggerated by the very brevity and uncertainty of life. The successes of life must be pursued and plucked with the famished eagerness of one who knows of nothing beyond, and who therefore grasps this with all the greedy gorging of that natural desire to get the most of all that is to be enjoyed. There is then no reserve of power to sustain in the reverses of life, no hope of brighter hours to gild the gloom of present sadness, no expectancy of future reward to compensate for the sacrifices and self-denials of the present. The many who have failed to secure what they fancy has been gained by their more fortunate compeers, will be ready for any wild scheme of levelling radicalism that shall promise them a share in the spoils, and the spirit of turbulent revolutionism will be swelled by every fresh failure in se-

curing the successes of life; while disappointment at the inequalities of human condition will engender discontent and unhappiness to an extent that will poison the blessings that remain, and unsettle every foundation of society. Add to this, that there is no fear of any hell but that which life presents, that virtue is but a balancing of the pleasures of present sin and the pains of possible suffering, that obedience to law is a mere question of expediency that the wicked and lawless will decide in most cases, wickedly and lawlessly, and you have swept away the last barrier to wild and rioting passion, broken down the last defence of law, and order, and civilization, and opened the flood-gates of desolation and ruin, dire and inevitable.

This is precisely the fatal defect in the masses of Europe, and especially of France, that render them incapable of any movement but that wild vibration that they are continually making between anarchy and despotism.

Let the contrary state of facts exist, and the beliefs and hopes and fears of a people take hold of the infinite future, as Christianity unveils it, and we have the exact adjustment that gives direction and permanence to the progressive rush of a stirring national life. Let the power of a Bible piety pervade the homes of a people and that people is safe. For after all it is true that the roots of the liberty tree twine round the thresholds and warm beneath the hearth, stones of our unnumbered homes, and that as long as their homes present a quiet refuge from the toils and trials of life, as long as the graceful prattle of childhood, and the gentle smile of womanhood remain to welcome the husband and father to his cheerful fireside, as long as the kindly charities of loving hearts are wreathing amid the hard realities of outer life, a bower of peaceful repose in which the weary and jaded spirit may forget the tossings of an ever-heaving present in the holy anticipation of an endless and sorrowless future; as long as the meek-eyed dignity of the mother, and the twining tenderness of the wife, and the budding loveliness of the daughter, are blended in hallowed union to gild the household altar and to grace the household board, as long as the quiet light of the Sabbath comes in at the casements alike of cottage and of palace, to brighten the hard realities of weekly toil and trial with the sun-lit radiance of a rest that tells alike of the Paradise that is past and of the Paradise that is to come; in a word, as long as a people have that home on earth, that is made by the teachings of Christianity

concerning the home in heaven, the liberties and prosperities of that people are as firm as the rooted oak. While others seek their enjoyment in the noisy excitements of public spectacles, and live in a round of giddy gaities, they shall find theirs in the tranquil scenes of their home, where the character finds repose from the toils of life, and acquires a deeper thoughtfulness and a firmer strength. Disappointments and losses may still occur, but when the hope and the heritage are laid up in heaven, the evils of this life are less heavily felt since they leave untouched the greatest and richest interest. The sorrows of life may shroud its scenes with gloom, and dash all its cups with bitterness, but the stricken pilgrim instead of flinging himself down in despair, or rushing forth in desperation, but grasps his palmer staff with a firmer hold, and girds his robe with a steadier heart, and fixing his eye with a calmer gaze on the home where sadness is unknown, he presses on with a more untiring purpose and a more unfaltering step. The necessities of the country may demand self-denial and sacrifice, but to these the Christian has already been trained, and the religion that teaches him to love his neighbor as himself, will also teach him to make these sacrifices with a cheerful heart. The whole habit of his soul is one of obedience to law, and reverence to rightful authority, and hence his nature is instinctively a law abiding nature, that recoils from the tyrannous anarchy of the mob as indignantly as it does from the tyrannous monarchy of the despot. It needs not the penalty of human laws to deter him from sin, for there rises ever to his eye the awful things of eternity, the white throne, the gathering and swaying millions of earth that come up to judgment, the stern scrutiny of that terrible day of doom, and the irreversible sentence that shall sweep away in stormy wrathfulness the guilty forever, and when these solemn verities unfold to his eye, he turns away with a shuddering heart from the disenchanted tempter as an unmasked fiend. It needs not the earthly rewards of virtuous conduct to keep him in the path of right, for there gleams ever to his hopeful eye the glittering spires, and the flashing gates, and the unfading trees, and the crystal waters of that city that hath foundation whose builder and maker is God. And though ever peaceful and forgiving, yet if the violence or wickedness of men requires that the sword should be girded to his side, and the helmet buckled on his brow, the dauntless legions of Constantine, the fiery battalions of Gustavus, the unyielding band of Cromwell, and the praying men whose blood has wet

the red fields of our own Revolution, and the slippery decks of Nelson, all show that when duty demands it, he who believes that death shall but carry him to his shadowless home, can

> "Strike for his altars and his fires,
> Strike for the green graves of his sires,
> God and his native land."

And can such a people perish? Can such a people be led astray the sophistical dreamings of Socialism, or Radicalism, or the brawling delusions that are trumpeting their nostrums at every corner? Can cunning malignity or designing demagogueism lead such a people to rend asunder the blood-bought ties that bind them together, and strew the graves of their fathers with the quivering fragments of that hallowed Union, that they died to cement? Can the banded strength of the world ever crush such a people, where a hero shall spring forth from every hearth, and when the memory of loved ones at home shall fire every heart and nerve every arm, and present to the invading stranger one broad, blazing, unbroken front of fiery and resistless valor? No, all reason, all history, unite in saying no! such a people must be at once invincible and imperishable, instinct with an immortal life that the common diseases of nations cannot reach, and enfolded with a panoply that the common dangers of nations cannot pierce.

That these are not merely the views of a theologian, but grand fundamental truths, which even statesmen and philosophers of the highest rank, are beginning to acknowledge, may be confirmed to some by the words of one of the most eminent of both classes living, and one who has discussed the subject of civilization with a masterly ability such as to make him an authority in the thinking world. In a speech delivered a few weeks ago in Paris, M. Guizot took the ground that Christianity alone can save France, and maintained it with his usual learning and ability. He remarked in concluding his address, "Thus gentlemen, by its three essential laws, by its three vital virtues, faith, hope and charity, Christianity answers to the most general, the most imperious wants of our time and country. Without the Christian faith, you will not have a fixed point; without Christian hope you will not have inexhaustible courage; without Christian charity you will not have true peace. We must satisfy these wants; we must propagate with all our might, faith, hope and charity, the only means of salvation for France; and we have no more effectual mode of propagating them than that of Christian ed-

ucation. Let us offer, gentlemen, and let us secure this education to all Protestant children, it is what they need, what we should do, and what will benefit all." N. Y. Observer, July 7. These words from one of the greatest living thinkers, may convince those who worship great names, that our positions are not mere theological dreams, but grand verities, with which as a nation we must grapple.

Here, then, we find the grand conservative element of our civilization, the pure and living religion of Jesus Christ, that has the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come. The bulwarks of our liberty, and the defences of our life, are not our armies or our fleets, but our open Bible and our uplifted cross. The wondrous symbol that gleamed before the eager Constantine, is that which glitters from on high to us; and the same words of cheer—*in hoc signo vinces*—speak out to us from the skies, that led his conquering legions to victory. Let an open Bible, untortured by the cruel chemistry of a criticism that would pass the fragrant leaves and blushing fruit of the Tree of Life through its crucible, and then in mocking derision of our alleged credulity, give us back in triumph only the bitter ashes; let an open Bible, unfettered by the ghostly spider webs of that huge and bloated thing, that from her den upon the seven hills has so long been weaving her subtle snares, and extending her poisoned fangs to entrap the unwary, and to batten on their blood; let an open Bible and an uplifted cross be allowed to go freely and broadly forth, and let the wandering eyes of the people be lifted to this blessed and healing token of glory to God, and on earth peace and good will to men, and our civilization shall feel the gushing of a deathless life in its tingling veins, and our liberties shall stand untarnished and undiminished to the remotest generations. And then, in that time of terrific tempest and upheaval that has loomed up red and wrathful to the eye of prophecy, from saintly Enoch to the lonely seer of the Apocalypse, that time when there shall be signs in the sun, and moon, and stars, and in the earth distress of nations and perplexity, the sea and the waves roaring, and men's hearts failing them for fear and for looking for the things that are to come on the earth; in that time of dire and pitiless storm, when the night shall hang low and wild upon the dashing waters, and many a gallant bark shall go down amid the roar and thunder of the hurricane of almighty wrath, and many a massive light-house, whose beacons have become false,

and whose lamps have become dim, shall be swept like foam before the rushing surges; then shall this glorious and hallowed structure of our fathers' prayers and our fathers' blood, high up on the Eternal Rock of ages, and flinging far out on the troubled scene the light that comes from heaven, be found standing unharmed, undimmed and unbroken, the living Pharos of the world.

GENTLEMEN OF THE LITERARY SOCIETIES—

The unavoidable protraction of this discussion has left but a brief moment of parting address to you. This necessity, however, is the less to be deplored, as the lessons from this train of thought are very obvious. The duty of the whole defines the duties of the parts; and the great necessities of the generation are coincident with those of the individual. To those of you, then, who are in earnest, and would do well the work of life, there are two attainments to be unceasingly sought; a sound scholarship, and a manly piety. Secure the helmet of the one and the breast-plate of the other; and you are ready to go forth to the great battle of life, invulnerably panoplied against every deadly stroke of evil.

When Francis I. was engaged in the terrible battle of Morignan, whose fierce and protracted contest was compared to a war of the giants, seeing the royal standard surrounded by the foe, he flung himself into the midst of the enemy, exclaiming—"Let him that loves me follow me!"—and kindled by the words and act of their heroic leader, his troops rushed to the rescue, and soon rolled the tide of victory over this bloody and memorable field. To us, to whom there opens a mightier battle ground than any contest of earthly warfare, there comes a voice of kindred but loftier cheer, from that mightier King, the Captain of our salvation, who himself has gone forth to toil, to suffer, to bleed, and to die for us; but also to rise, to reign, to wear the many gemmed crown of victory, and whose cheering cry to us is also, "Let him that loves me follow me!" and, as in the case of the royal hero, we shall follow him, not only to danger and trial, but also, at last, to triumph and glory. Let the voice of Jesus, then, be your guide in the struggle of life, and the love of Jesus be your impulse; and when the battle is done, you shall be able to say, with one of the world's true heroes, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness

which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day." But be not unduly eager to rush into the fray, until you are girded fitly for its shock. When the dying Prophet directed the king of Israel to smite upon the ground in his lonely chamber, it seemed a needless waste of strength; and yet for every stroke in that quiet scene there was laid up a victory on the field of battle. And so we say to you who may be impatient of these solitary toils, that for every stroke of proper preparation there awaits a victory in the battle of life. There shall meet you toils, and trials, and sorrows, for which nothing can prepare you but a thorough training of the mind, and a hallowed discipline of the heart by the religion of Christ.

"Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave."

Before some of you may lie but a narrow strip of life, and but a fitful gleam of its chequered scenes; a space so brief and transient, that to prepare for it seems idle. And oh, if it were all of life to live, and all of death to die, then would the graves of the early dead, and the mournful story of genius and culture cut down by the fatal scythe, while the dew of the morning was yet fresh on the brow, all damp the ardor of the soul that would gird itself for doing a work from which it may so soon and so sadly be hurried away. But the grand and at once glorious and fearful fact remains, that life is but the dawn of that day that has no sunset and no morrow. Before each of you, then, lies the untrodden vastness of an illimitable eternity. For each of you there either rises the magnificence of a glory that broadens and brightens in its boundless sweep upward and onward forever; or there yawns the fathomless gulf of a damnation, the smoke of whose torment ascends forever and ever. To reach the unfading splendors of the one, and escape the unchanging agonies of the other, there is but one preparation—the atoning blood of Jesus Christ. Seek this, the kingdom of God and its righteousness, and all things else needful shall be added to you.

Seek this, and you are safe. Seek this, and come joy or sorrow, smiles or tears, life lingering long, or swiftly fading away, the Abdiel greeting of a well done, thou faithful one, shall be your welcome to the tearless scenes of that city that hath foundation, where

the leaf never withers, and the light never fades, and where the loved and parted of earth are parted and saddened no more forever. Then fix your eye upon the cross and the crown, and remember that

"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day."

Thus, and thus only, can this noble Psalm of life just quoted receive its complete fulfilment; and thus only

"Can we make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Foot-prints on the sands of time;
Foot-prints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
Some forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again."